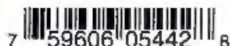
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THE ETERNAL

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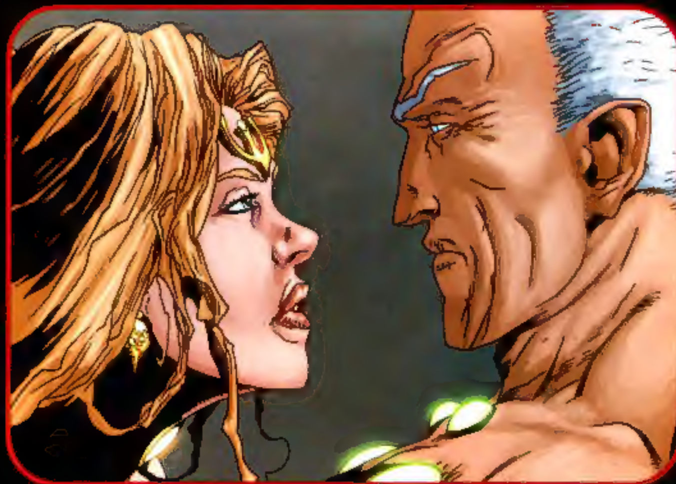
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THE ETERNAL











PREVIOUSLY...

Two races of immortal beings, the Eternals and the Celestials, have dominion over all life in the galaxy. For the last thousand years, the Celestials have enslaved the Eternals and sent them from world to world to mine each planet of its resources.

The Eternals come to Earth shortly before the dawn of man and transform some of the local pre-human hominids into artificial Eternals, or "deviants," for use as slave labor. A device called the Apple is used to teach the deviant slaves to understand commands. Because the Celestials destroyed all female Eternals, the Eternals on Earth begin using female deviants to satisfy their sexual appetites. However, the Celestials have forbidden on pain of death the procreation of an Eternal and a deviant -- and they have also forbidden that a deviant be taught to speak.

Trouble begins when the leader of the Eternals, Ikaeden, grows close to his deviant servant, Jeska, in a way that is more than sexual. Out of a desire to tell him how she feels, Jeska uses the Apple to teach herself to speak. Ikaeden is bound by Celestial law to kill her.

However, he is unable to do it. When Ikaeden's second-in-command, the sadistic Kurassus, takes him to task for it, Ikaeden declares that the Celestials will only punish them if they marry, civilize, or procreate with the deviants. As long as that doesn't happen, he will allow female deviants to learn speech so they can be proper companions.

Convinced that Ikaeden is leading them to their deaths, Kurassus attacks him, and the two fight a bloody battle. Ikaeden survives... only to learn shortly thereafter that Jeska is pregnant. For this, Eternals and deviants alike are doomed...

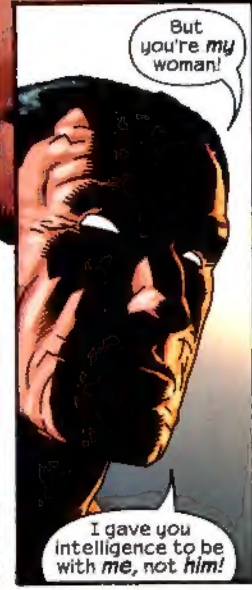
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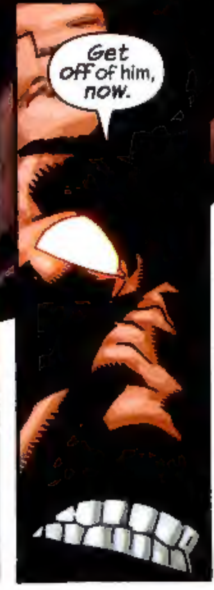
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What do you think you're *doing!*
Are you talking to me?

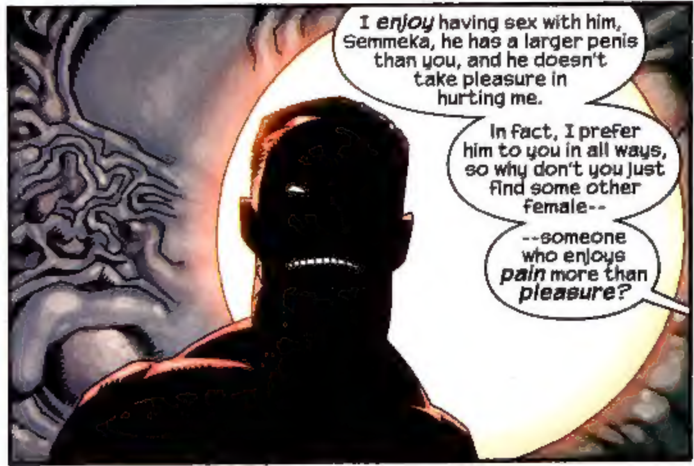

No, I'm talking to *her.*
What are you doing on him!?


What, is this a trick question?
I'm having sex with him.


But you're *my* woman!
I gave you intelligence to be with *me*, not *him!*


Get off of him, *now.*


Nnh. No.


I *enjoy* having sex with him, Semmeka, he has a larger penis than you, and he doesn't take pleasure in hurting me.
In fact, I prefer him to you in all ways, so why don't you just find some other female--
--someone who enjoys *pain* more than *pleasure?*


SEMMEKA!
NOOOOO!

NNH!


Oh, darling.
My fellow deviants have become jealous, lately, of my consorting with the gods.
I wish they only knew how *good* it was, they'd be even more jealous than they already are--


NNH!
You call them your "fellow" deviants.
Jeska, you are no longer a part of them. You are more nearly one of us.
OOOOOH!


Please Ikaeden. That's hardly the truth and you know it.


I am more of *them*, and I understand their pain and suffering and jealousy.
They don't have my advanced intelligence, but they still know that they suffer, and they want more than they have.


Especially when they see how much more I have than they.


Perhaps it is because I'm pregnant now, I don't know, but these things have become more important to me.
Using them as you Eternals do is wrong. It's cruel and will have bitter consequences.
They won't live long enough for there to be consequences.
You saw what my masters--
--what the Celestials did to the next world over.

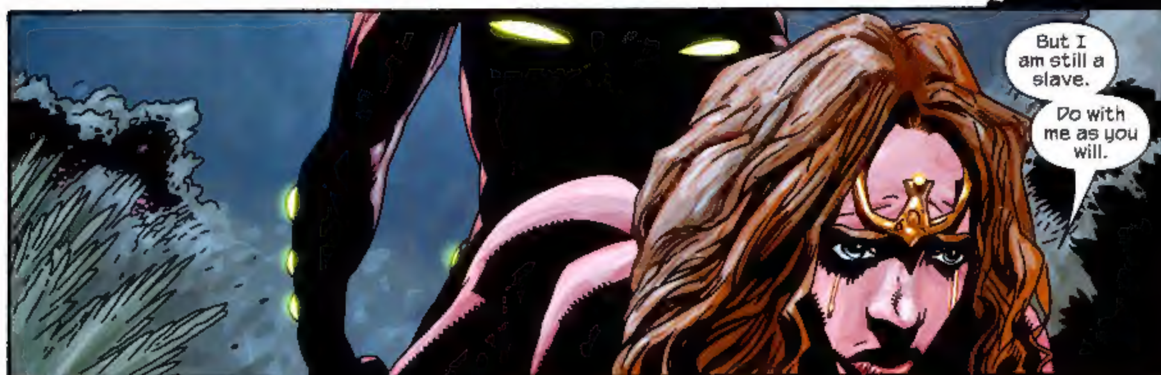

Your pregnancy will almost assure that ending to every life here as well.


"Every life here," meaning Eternal and deviant?
Or "every life here," meaning deviants only?

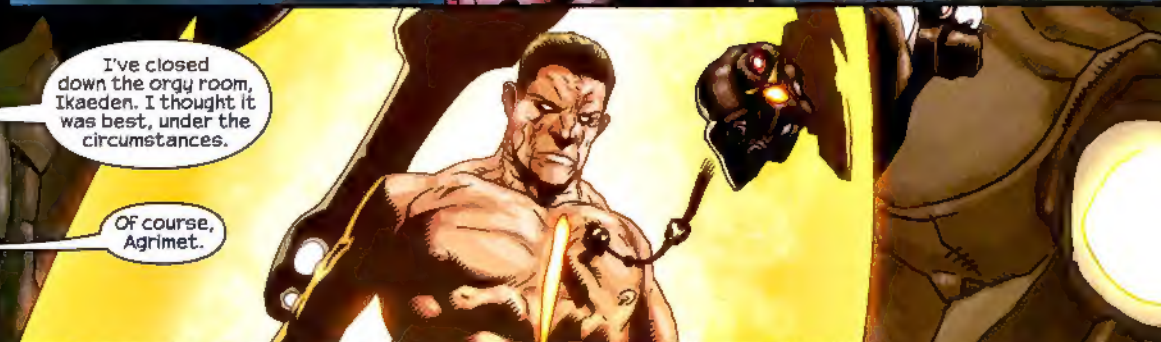





And I am more truly one of *them,* aren't I, Ikaeden? Even though I carry your child.
I am but a somewhat more *desirable* slave to the gods.


But I am still a slave.
Do with me as you will.


Do with me as you will.


I've closed down the orgy room, Ikaeden. I thought it was best, under the circumstances.
Of course, Agrimet.


Hardly anyone was using it anyway. Most Eternals had begun to prefer their private rooms.
Too many moments of rage and jealousy like this have been erupting recently.

Both were killed?

Oh, my, yes.

There was barely a piece larger than an ear left, once Semmeka here had finished.

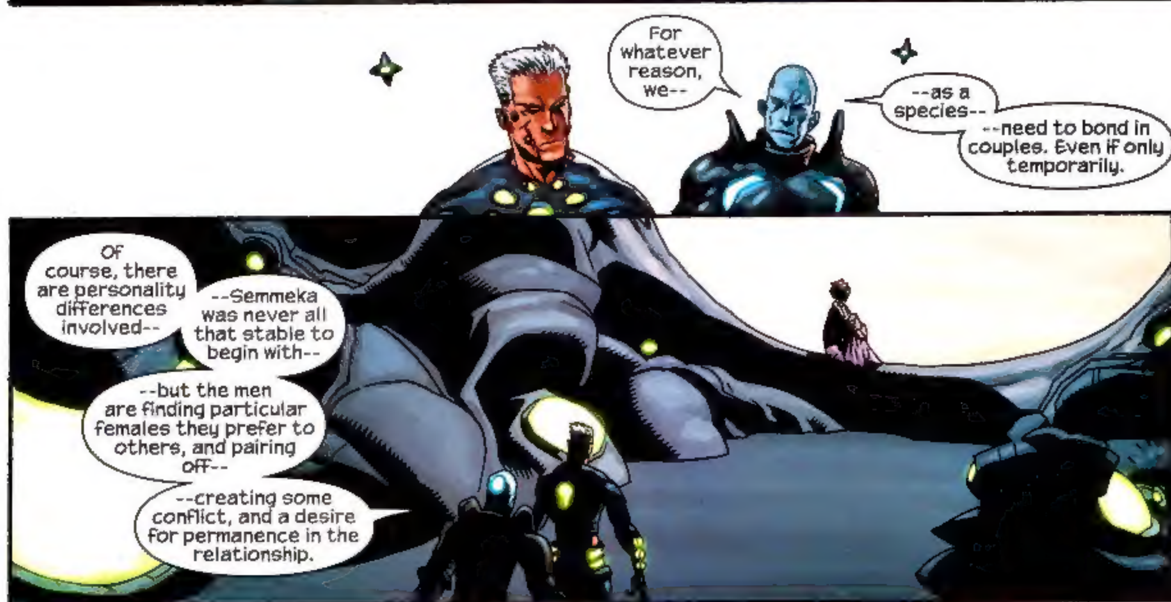
What's happened, Agrimet?

Where did all this go wrong?

It's a nest of *ants*, Ikaeden. How could it *not* go wrong?

You thought you could open the nest partway and manage the flow of difficulties.

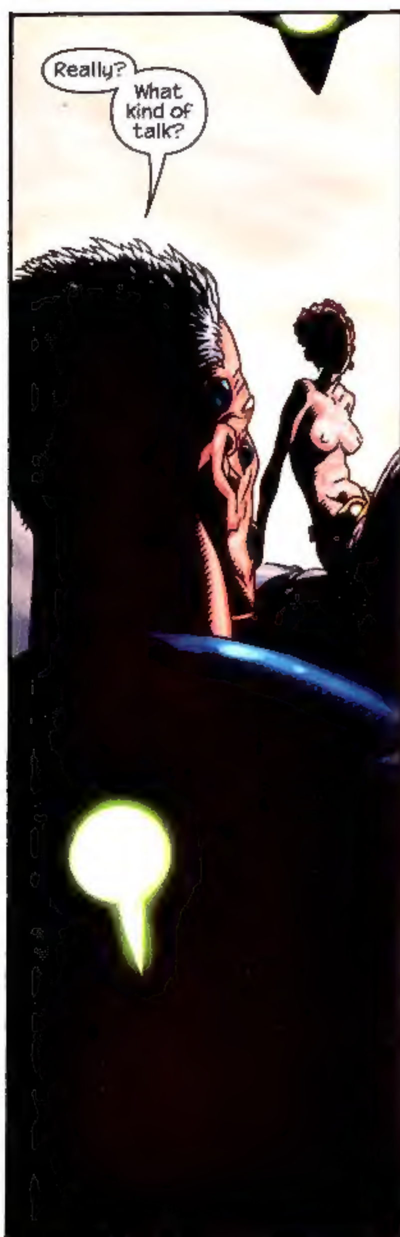
But the ants swarmed free...as ants will do.




There have even been some *pregnancies,* Ikaeden.




And occasional, whispered talk of remaining on this world.
Of defying the Celestials and civilizing.


Really?
What kind of talk?


Well, it's just *talk.*
I don't think it's in anyone's best interest to dignify such non-sense with--


Tell me, Agrimet.
I want to hear what's being said--and I'd like your personal opinion, as well.
No consequences. No fear.
Just talk among friends.

Well--

--and this is just talk, mind you, but--

--some of the men have wondered if we shouldn't make a stand against the Celestials.

Here.

Now.

We *know* they'll come.

We *know* they'll try to destroy us for even considering such an option, but we've lived for thousands of years--

--most of them alone and lonely--

--and the raw materials are on this planet to fight them.

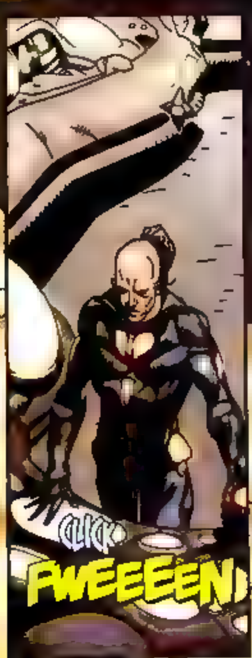
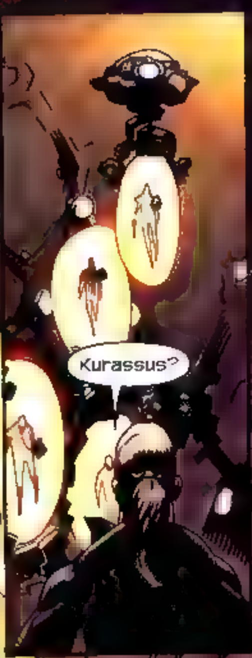
We have a chance for a life apart.

And a *chance* is enough for some of us.

You mean "some of *them*."

Of course, Ikaeden.

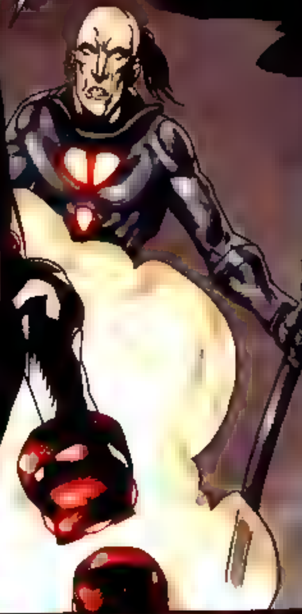
I meant some of *them*.


CLICK
PWEEEEN

Kurassus?

Teneftu

Your arm, legs, and bodily functions seem to have returned to normal.
All fluid transfer operations are within normal tolerances.
Everything feels all right?

Just lovely.
Thank you for asking


I should have my head split and my limbs severed and replaced every few hundred years anyway.
Normal, routine maintenance, as it were.
Have you come to remove me for punishment, Teneftu?
It would be just so like Ikaeden to let me heal before executing me.

That was why I was sent, yes, but it's not why I'm here.

I hate riddles, Teneftu.
Just tell me what you want and let's get on with the fun stuff, shall we?

Well--there has been some loose talk for a while--
--you know
--that some of the men would consider making this dirtball planet our new home
It's rumored that Ikaeden is sympathetic to those desires
That he has been changed by the female deviant he allows to walk beside him.

And recently that same female asked the core-mind to manufacture pre-natal vitamins.
Reeeeally.
Now isn't THAT interesting.
You and I, Kurassus, we prefer our lives the way they *are*--
--working *for* the Celestials--having power and control and dominance *over* the deviants--
--not living among them and treating them as equals.
So while I may have been sent to initiate your execution--
--in reality I'm here to release you--
--and ask your help in overthrowing Ikaeden.

I didn't want to continue this conversation inside the ship.
Too many prying eyes and ears.
And since I needed to check Mammon's progress on the construction of the upper hemi-sphere pyramid *anyway*--
--well, I don't think this sudden trip will come under any suspicion





I think you're right about it probably being a majority of men, Agrimet.

Having women again has changed us all.

But there are enough of the others that don't want to stay, like Kurassus and his crew--

--that we may have a life-or-death fight on our hands before we even need to worry about the Celestials.

I'm aware of that.

But I'm confident our numbers will be greater, especially if we can win Mammon and his crew to our side.

Besides, you sent Kurassus to be executed

What harm can he cause us from beyond the grave?

So, even though there are fewer of us who want to stay, I think we can use the *local* deviants to our advantage, Kurassus

Interesting thought.

Their awe and hatred for Eternals is obvious and palpable, and their ***particularly deep*** hatred for the deviant women who bed with us--

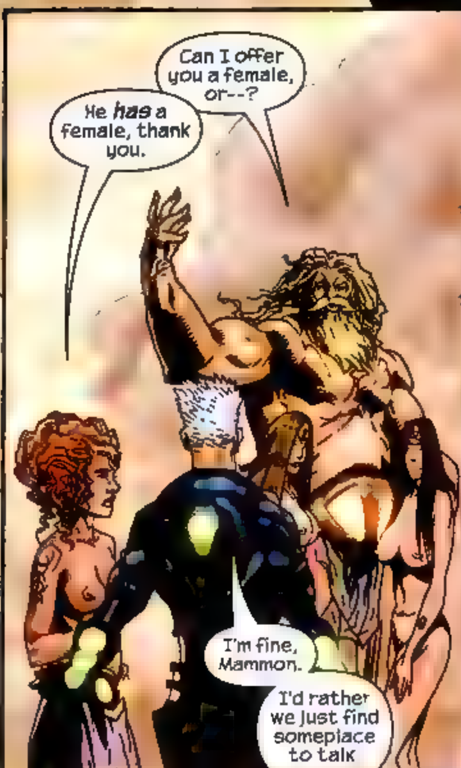
especially those who offer themselves ***willingly***--

-will make them great allies--if only temporarily

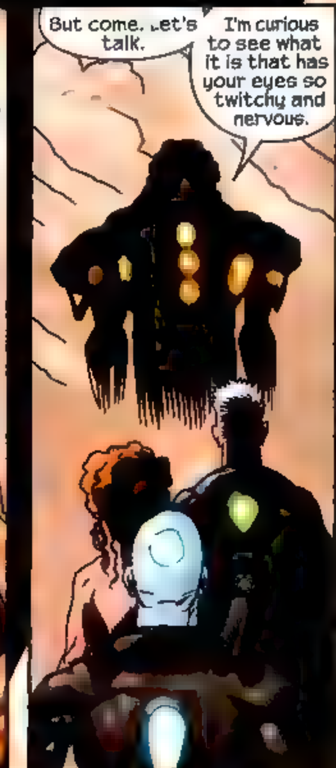
But I'm looking for a more ***definite*** edge


Something a little scarier.


Ikaeden.
We've been wondering when you'd show.
I had some business to attend to, Mammon


Can I offer you a female, or--?
He *has* a female, thank you.
I'm fine, Mammon.
I'd rather we just find someplace to talk

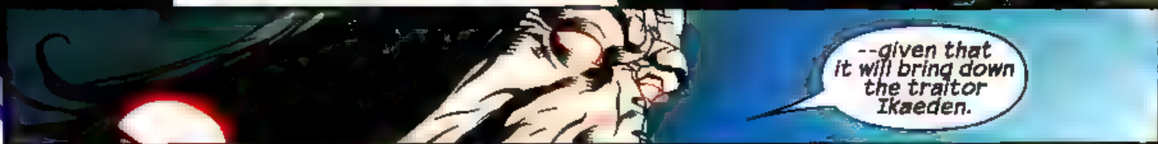

She's quite the feisty one, isn't she.
That's why I keep two. Prevents territoriality.

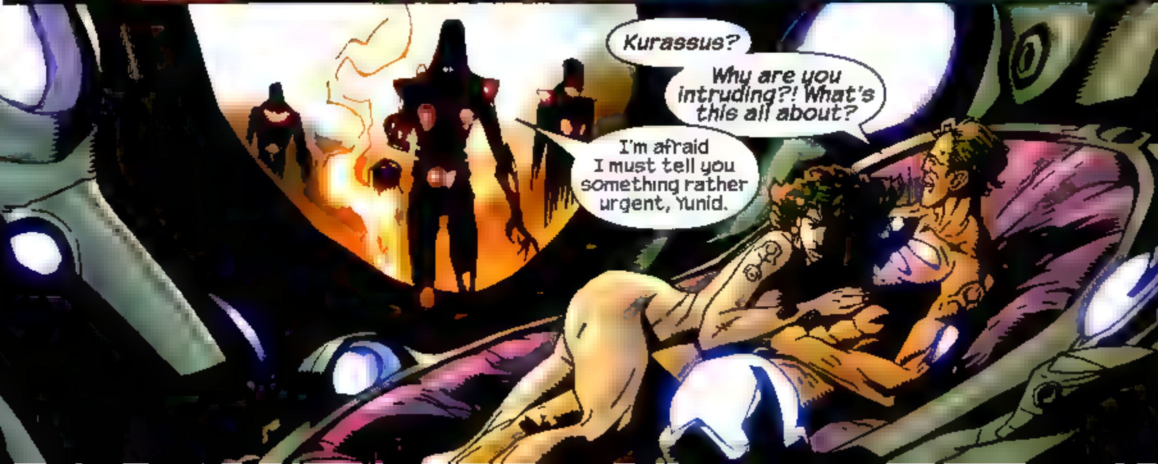

But come. Let's talk.
I'm curious to see what it is that has your eyes so twitchy and nervous.

You can't be *serious*, Kurassus. *These* deviants are barely *sentient*, and hate us *all*.
Most have been in this holding cell for *thousands of years*-- held just in case the local fauna cannot be evolved, which it almost always *can* be.
They have *nothing* to offer us as soldiers.
They don't *now*.









SHLUCK

Did you understand, or should I explain it to you a second time?



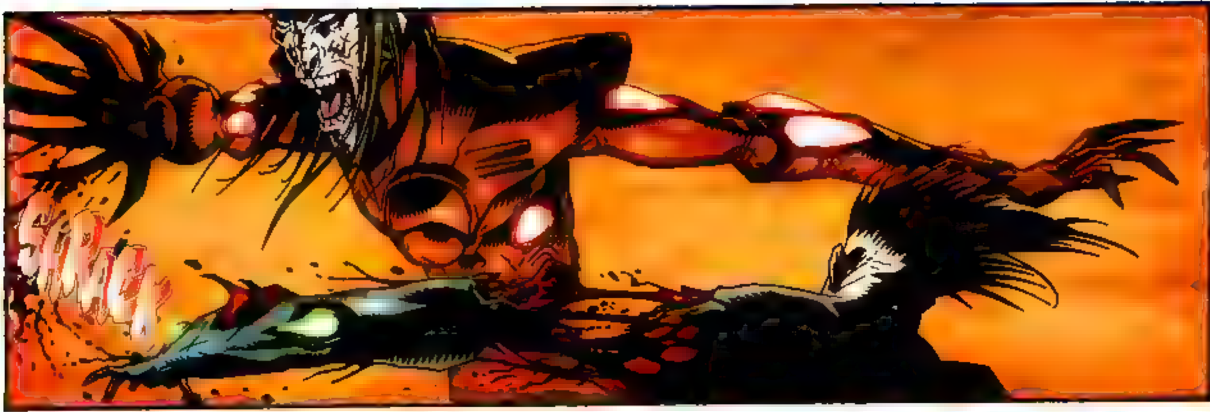




SNRRRRRR
GRRRRRAAAAA
AAAAAAHH!!!





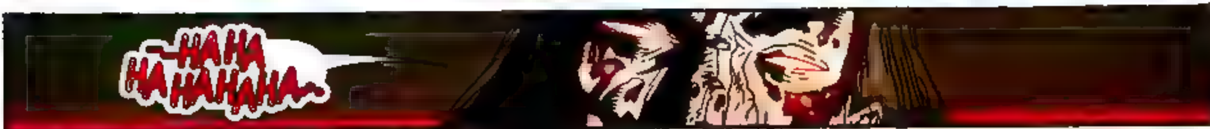


SPLOO

MMMNNGG--

SHLUCK

AAAAAH!!
SHRIIIIP

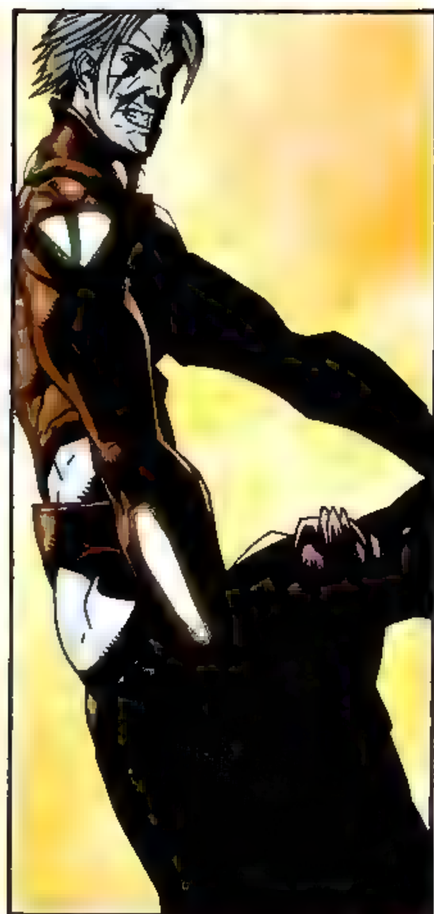
Ha ha ha ha--

--HA HA HA HAHAHA--


Stop that.
You're insatiable.
I can't leave my post, and this is the only way we can spend time together.
Is it a problem?


It is *here*.
Everyone is watching.
What "everyone"?
There's no one around--


--only deviants--


--and they like what they see.
Don't you?!
Oh.
Oh, *yes*.



SHLUCK



Aaaah.
Let's all come together.



HRAH!
YARGH!
ROOR!
Well, well, well, Teneftu. It appears you may have been right.
The only thing the deviants like less than we Eternals--



--are their own, traitorous females.
Maybe they *will* fight for our side.

THREE HOURS LATER.
Where are the foremen?
Why are these deviants wandering about aimlessly without supervision?
Ikaeden!?
Ikaeden, the deviants!
Teneftu?
A group of deviants have revolted.
Nearly the entire crew is trying to quell them inside the pyramid.
I've been afraid of this.
The males have been getting more jealous of our taking their females.
Let's deal with this swiftly.
Shouldn't Jeska come with us?
As intermediary to the deviants?
No!
Wait here, Jeska. We'll be back shortly.
Of course, Ikaeden.
I'll be fine here.
They were just inside there, beyond the resonators.
Do you smell that, Agrimet?
I do, like the last world we mined--


--and the deviants that lived there.
TO BE CONTINUED...


another scan from England's own
HG Wells